



Charlie Don't Surf



70 12 5

Chapter 1 by Roggen Wulf

Horse was slammed back against the seat as the jet raced upward. The anvil of a thunderstorm dominated the view from the cockpit. Horse rolled the lithe jet so that its belly pointed to the sky.

"Glad you made it, Ripley," said a voice in her ear.

"Wouldn't miss it, Sarge," said Airman Charlotte "Horse" Ripley as she sped along the underside of the storm.

"Who taught you to fly, Horse?" crackled another voice. "If your head is pointing to the ground, you're doing it wrong!"

Horse smirked, "Jealous 'cause I get prettier toys than you, Switch?"

Airman Aaron "Switch" Prevost laughed. "How's the bird handling?"

"Like nothing you would believe." Horse raced along the anvil, dodging columns of virga laden with hail. As she reached the edge, she turned her jet vertical and shot up into clear skies beyond. Sunlight glinted off a small formation of fighters and Horse adjusted her heading to fall in behind them.

"Got a visual on you, Raptor Group," said Horse.

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"Copy," replied Sergeant Kira Dahl. "What's your status, Charlie Horse?"

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"The bird is performing to specs," reported Horse. "It's an impressive piece of hardware."

"Be sure it comes back in one piece," said Dahl.

"Good luck," snorted Airman Dustin "Dusty" Rodgers. "Charlie don't surf."

"700 meters to the waypoint, Sarge," Switch reported.

Dahl said, "Charlie Horse, approach to 100 meters and prepare for weapons free."

"Wilco," Horse replied. She sped toward the other fighters and narrowed her eyes.

Her F-19 Accipiter was a slim, sleek fighter. It was designed to fly between skyscrapers and through forests. The Air Force wanted it thoroughly tested. The fighters ahead of her dropped the drones they were carrying then ascended vertically, doubling back over Horse's head. She touched the trigger as she cruised toward the drones.

"Waste those drones," said Dahl.

"Roger, weapons free," Horse grinned. "Let's see what this thing can really do!"

Chapter 2 by Joakim



Nothing happend.

"My weapons are jamming", Horse was irriated.

"Do a manual override", Dahl replied.

Horse tried to reach for the controls for the manual override but the whole plane shook like crazy for a good 10 seconds. Something was going very wrong.

Chapter 2 by Joakim



Everything went black for Horse. See more of Story Wars

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She woke up with a startle. She was still in the air. The plane was still, it had landed somehow. However something was very wrong. This was not the place where she had just been

flying over. The trees around her plane must have been at least as high as a redwood tree, if not higher. And the vegetation was very different. Almost like one of those Jurassic Park-movies.

The ground suddenly started to shake...

Chapter 4 by Joakim



It was time to leave the plane and get to higher grounds.

Chapter 5 by Roggen Wulf



Airman First Class Charlotte “Charlie Horse” Ripley pressed her gloved hand to the windscreen of the Accipiter as she looked at this surreal, new landscape. She took it in for a only a moment before turning hastily to her radio.

“Raptor Group,” she said urgently. “Come in, Raptor Group, this is Raptor Nova. Sarge, this is Charlie Horse, do you copy?”

The radio remained silent for a long moment, then crackled to life. “Raptor Group,” said an unfamiliar, grinding voice. “Come in, Raptor Group, this is Raptor Nova.”

Horse stared out of the cockpit, her breath coming in short, tight gasps as she listened to her own transmission repeated back to her in someone else's voice. A chill ran up her spine, but not because of the eerie message.

The pounding that had been gently vibrating the plane since Horse regained consciousness grew steadily nearer and more intense until a huge figure covered in scales and coarse feathers emerged from the trees ahead of her.

As a child, Horse had been fascinated by dinosaurs. She did not immediately recognize the gigantic Lythronax by name, but of a doubt that this carnivorous T-Rex relative meant bad news. She cleared her throat, tipping its head like a bird as it listened. It opened its jaws, revealing its long, saber-like teeth before turning and moving off among the towering trees.

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"Sarge, this is Charlie Horse," her radio repeated in that strange, forbidding voice. "Do you copy?"

"Charlie don't surf...." said Horse, recalling Dusty's words from what seemed like only moments ago.

She threw open the cockpit and leaped to the ground, crouching in the cover of the Accipter while she took stock of her surroundings. Then, standing up cautiously, she started off in the direction that the Lythronax had taken. There was little that she could learn stuck in the downed jet, so she saw little choice but to follow the hulking predator and see where it lead her. She was not disappointed.

The forest of ancient, Cretaceous trees probably stretched on for many hundreds of kilometers behind her, she surmised, but she had landed near the edge of it. After only half a kilometer, the trees thinned onto a wide, rolling savannah. A hundred meters or so ahead of her, the Lythronax stood on a hill overlooking what Horse at first thought was a pond, but which she realized was a bubbling, oozing tar pit.

To Horse's supreme amazement, a mastodon stood mired in the tar, struggling feebly to escape its hot, stinking clutches. Lythronax surveyed the helpless herbivore, then tried to step into the tar to feed upon the dying animal. Instead, the dinosaur tripped and fell muzzle first into the pit, dooming itself. Not far from the mastodon and its new companion, an immense, tentacled create was also stuck in the tar.

Like Lythronax, it had evidently come to feast upon the beleaguered mastodon. One of its tentacles was curled around the big, wooly elephant's mid-section. Its others were sinking into the tar or waving about in the air above its large, round body. A gaping hole full of long, needle teeth and big grinding molars yawned open in the center of its body.

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wrap its body around a startled zebra, and drag the screaming animal back into its cave. She shuddered; this was clearly not a safe place for a Horse.

A movement above her caught her attention, and she turned to see a flock of what looked like fuzzy balloons pass overhead. The creatures were green and covered with what almost appeared to be blades of grass as their bloated gas bladders carried them peacefully through the sky. She paid them only fleeting attention as she stared at the sight beyond.

The afternoon was clear, with only one, large thunderhead in the middle distance. Past that, however, she did not see the blue of the sky she was expecting. Instead, a vast dome of stars arched above her. It was crisscrossed by silvery filaments, which she correctly assumed supported a towering bubble of atmosphere capping off the enclosure in which she now found herself. It had to be at least thirty-five thousand meters tall, she thought in amazement, having trouble imagining any structure built on such a fabulously grand scale. What she had believed to be sunlight, she now realized, was somehow being projected onto the place artificially.

"Sarge," said the grinding voice from her radio, "this is Charlie Horse."

Horse froze. The voice wasn't coming from her radio anymore. It was right behind her.

"Do you copy?" it said.

Chapter 6 by Roggen Wulf



Horse stumbled as the ground beneath her shook violently. Around her, the trees swayed and thrashed, their trunks groaning pitifully as they were whipped back and forth until, no longer able to take the strain, they toppled like the one that had crushed her downed fighter jet. Horse's feet hammered the leaf litter as she dodged the hail of falling limbs.

One particularly large tree crashed to the ground only meters in front of her. Without checking

her speed, Horse ran at the fallen tree, grabbing hold of a gnarled limb and hoisting herself upward then planting her feet on a thick, horizontal branch. The tree was long dead, however, and very rotten. No sooner had Horse's weight come to rest on it than the trunk caved in beneath her and

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Surrounded by rotten wood, she struggled to right herself as the world continued to shake around her. Suddenly, the air was broken by a sound like thunder. Outside the trunk of the tree, something catastrophic was happening. Mired as she was, Horse struggled toward a small hole in the trunk where a branch had rotted away, leaving a narrow portal through which she could see.

Pressing her face to this gap, she peered out and caught a glimpse of...

Chapter 7 by Calista



...what was to be her fate. She all at once remembered what her grandmother told her in the last weeks of her life. Teta was her whole world after mom and dad got the divorce. It always seemed like neither mom or dad could be bothered with her as they were always fighting each other in their passive aggressive ways. Teta was the one who always had time. She would tell stories of her childhood in some land far away over the oceans and across the deserts. She could tell a story, too. From her memories of war and suffering, Teta could make poetry that rivaled the greatest of poets. Charlie, as Teta called her, would sit curled up under Grammy's warm pudgy arm, mesmerized as she listened to the tales of another place and time spoken with a thick comforting accent.

Charlotte was 13 when Teta died. In the last weeks leading up to her death, Teta was telling fewer stories and more random bits of advice. Most of it was wisdom only reserved for those who saw all of the world wars. However, just 2 days before she passed on, Teta grabbed Charlotte's hand and told her to listen very carefully because many lives were to be affected and many more would be held in the balance. Charlotte felt the urgency in Teta's grip and saw it in her deep black eyes that darted from Charlotte's face to the limitless sky through the bedroom window.

Teta was losing her third fight with cancer. She had already passed the generous allotment of time set forth by the best Oncologist in the state. Charlotte was petrified to imagine a world

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Chapter 8 by jbabyyz

I love u and i will don't forget me and i am going to a better place so i am going to be good don't cry.

the end

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